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New stock of fancy goods just
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Call and see the latest novelties
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You can always find the best
15-cent meal in the city at the
Rising Sun Restaurant.

612 Commercial St.

FIRST-CLASS MEAL

for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, for
doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant.

434 Bond St.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any
kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly,
the transfer man. Phone 2211 Black,
Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera
house.

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Home Cooking, Comfortable Beds, Reason-
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Cleanest Beds in the City. Fine Table Board.
New Furniture Throughout.
Rates made to steady Theatrical Troupes

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Tooth Powder

Cleanses and beautifies the
teeth and purifies the breath.
Used by people of refinement
for over a quarter of a century.
Very convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY

J. H. Lyon, D.D.C.

Socialists Make Incendiary Proclama-
tions at Fete.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 19.—The em-
peror's fete day passed without any
untoward demonstrations in St. Peters-
burg, but there was a marked con-
tinuation of the Moscow disorders,
though not so serious as on Sunday. A
feature of the Moscow demonstration
was the distribution of violent pro-
clamations of the social democratic la-
bor party. Other demonstrations are
reported from various localities. Con-
servatives are afraid the ill-advised
course of extremists will drive the
government to repressive measures
just when a liberal regime is inaugu-
rated.

IF YOU'RE ONE

One of the unfortunate persons who
suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia,
Heartburn, Flatulency, Bilious-
ness, Costiveness, Kidney Trou-
bles or Sleeplessness, why don't
you try the Bitters. Its past record of
cures surely proves its value. Then it
is also unequalled in cases of Chills,
Cold or Malaria. Get a bottle today
from your Druggist; also ask for a free
copy of our 1905 Almanac. It
contains much that will interest you.

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Stomach Bitters

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Rooms 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50
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great because he cures
people without opera-
tion that are given up
to die. He cures with
those wonderful Chi-
nese herbs, roots, birds
hearts and vegetables
that are entirely un-
known to medical sci-
ence in this country. Through the use of
these harmless remedies this famous doctor
knows the action of over 500 different reme-
dies, which he successfully uses in different
diseases. He guarantees to cure cancer, asth-
ma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness,
stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of
testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and
see him. Patients out of the city write for
letters and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULT-
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The Disturbing
Element

By John Barton Oxford

Copyright, 1904, by K. M. Whitehead

The naturalist was vaguely disturbed.
He paddled back to camp slowly with a
listless stroke, as if he were prone to
turn back. Now and then he ceased
paddling and gazed thoughtfully
through the darkening underbrush of
the woods.

Red twilight was falling, and against
the flaming western sky the tree tops
made sharp, black silhouettes. Beneath
the pines the blue-black shadows were
deepening. Countless voices drifted
out to him drowsily on the still air, but
the naturalist gave no heed to the sub-
limity of the approaching forest; night
nor did he hear the gentle drone into
which the myriad voices blended them-
selves.

The only vision his eyes beheld was
that of a smiling, graceful girl waving
a white hand to him from the sloping
bank by the camp, and the only sound
in his ears was her merry laughter as
she stood by her father's side and
shouted a goodby.

It was because of this that the natu-
ralist was vaguely disturbed. Hereto-
fore the woods and their occupants had
enriched his every thought. Now he
was aware that every primary thought
centered about the girl and that every-
thing else was but a sorry second to her.

The naturalist had been in the woods
all winter. It was his intention to
correct several fallacies—absurd, but none
the less popular—concerning the beaver.
With this idea in mind he had
built a camp on the upper waters of
the Little Otter, within easy reach of
several promising beaver dams, and
here he and his two guides had passed
the winter. A very profitable winter
the naturalist had considered it, for by
close observation he had proved be-
yond the shadow of a doubt that the
beaver was much maligned in the popu-
lar science of the day. He was busily
preparing a book to be brought out in
the early summer giving the beaver
his due and undeceiving that portion
of the reading public which thirsts for
natural history in a popular vein.

In the late spring, when the natu-
ralist was writing the last few chapters
of his book, Colonel Strong had come
up to the Little Otter for trout and
salmon. The colonel's camp was a
mile below the naturalist's—a distance
inconsequential to so strong a paddler
as the latter. The colonel had brought
with him his daughter, a tactful,

you will search for vanity in his pub-
lished work. He sat on the bank until
the round moon, nearing the full, came
creeping above the tree tops. Then
he suddenly arose with the air of a
man considerably startled.

"Good heavens," he said, with odd
anxiety in his voice, "I'm in love with
the girl!"

Two minutes later the canoe slid
noiselessly into the water, and the
naturalist paddled down stream with
uneasily haste.

As he came around the bend above
the colonel's camp he saw the girl sit-
ting quite alone before a smoldering
fire near the bank. He paddled to the
bank and pulled up his canoe.

The girl gave him a gay welcome.
"But you said when you left at sun-
set that you'd been neglecting your
beavers," she reminded him. "Aren't
you neglecting them now?"

"Yes, I am," said he. "I'm com-
pletely out of harmony with every-
thing here. A disturbing element has
crept into the wilderness."

The girl raised her brows.

"It's you," said the naturalist short-
ly.

"I?" she questioned.

"Yes, you," said he. "The forest
used to be sufficient to me. Now it
isn't."

"I'm sorry," she said quietly.

"And I'm not," said he, with vehe-
mence.

She turned and regarded him archly:
"Remember," she said, quoting a for-
mer remark of his, "The beaver has
been grossly misrepresented."

"Let him continue to be," said the
naturalist.

There was silence for a moment.
Then the naturalist came nearer the
fire and stood looking down at the
girl.

"I wish I were a poet instead of a
scientist," said he.

"Why?" she asked.

"I want to tell you I love you, and
scientific research doesn't seem to
qualify one for such an undertaking,"
he said.

The girl laughed nervously. She
studied the toe of her shoe for a pe-
riod.

"It might not be so flowery as poetry,
but if—if it were scientific it would be
exact, wouldn't it?"

The naturalist had one regret. As
he paddled up stream he wanted to
chant a "Te Deum," but he didn't
know how.

His Economy.
Senator Jim Fair had two marked
characteristics—economy and love of
joking. He never forgot frugality in
his extensive business, and he even
made his own economy a subject for
humor.

Once while puttering around over the
Comstock he slipped and started feet
first down a deep, narrow shaft. There
was a long, continuous wooden ladder
reaching to the bottom, with its every
twelfth rung of iron to strengthen the
structure. Down this he sped.

"When I found myself slidin' down
toward the center of the earth," said
the senator, who used to enjoy telling
the story, "I thought it was time to
begin doin' somethin', so I commenced
to grab at the ladder rungs. As I
went down I broke every single one of
them wooden sticks. This checked the
speed of my fall, and I landed 'bout a
thousand feet below, badly shook up,
but not hurt."

"But what did you do when you
came to the iron rungs?" he was asked.

"Oh, I just skipped 'em. Couldn't
afford to break 'em. Wood was cheap,
but iron was then turned dear on the
Comstock."—San Francisco Call.

A Jocular Clergyman.

The Rev. Mather Byles of Boston,
who preached there in 1770, one fast
day effected an exchange with a coun-
try clergyman and each went on
horseback to the appointed place.
They met by the way, and Dr. Byles
no sooner saw his friend approaching
than he put spurs to his horse and
passed him at full gallop. "What is
the matter?" cried the other in aston-
ishment. "Why so fast, Brother
Byles?" Brother Byles shouted over
his shoulder, without slackening
speed, "It is fast day!" One day
when he was busy in nailing some list
upon his doors to exclude the cold a
parishioner called to him, "The wind
bloweth where it listeth, Dr. Byles!"
"Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "and
man listeth where the wind bloweth."
He was once arrested as a Tory, con-
victed and sentenced to confinement
on board a guardship to be sent to
England with his family in forty days.
A sentinel was placed over him. He
was removed, replaced and again re-
moved. "I have been guarded, re-
garded and disregarded," said the doc-
tor. He spoke humorously of his sen-
tinal as his "observe-a-Tory."

No Need to Brag.

"Sir," began a creditor who met one
of his victims in the street, "I sent you
a bill in January."

"Yes, sir."

"And again in April."

"Yes, sir."

"And again in July."

"Yes, sir."

"And I presume you received one the
other day."

"I did, sir."

"Well, sir; well, sir?" flustered the
creditor.

"Well, you needn't feel so stuck up
over it," replied the other as he lighted
a cigar. "There are firms in this town
who send me bills every month in the
year, and they never stop me in the
street to brag about it either. I detect
such egotism, sir. Good morning!"
Tit-Bits.

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.

Women suffer all about us with headache, backache, loss of
energy and spirits, Nervous Dyspepsia and many other ailments
which make life almost unbearable. Every woman can be im-
mediately relieved of this suffering if upon the first sign of
derangement she would take a dose of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

By following the instructions with each box of pills thousands
of women all over the world have saved their lives.

BEECHAM'S PILLS purify the blood, give strength and
vigor to the digestive organs, give vim and tone to the nerves
and put the whole body in a healthy condition. A box of
BEECHAM'S PILLS should always be kept in the house as,
like a "stitch in time," they will invariably have the most
beneficial effect and save much future worry and anxiety.

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Anyone Desiring a Situation can Insert an Advertisement in this Column
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GIRL WANTED—DINING ROOM
work at Astoria hotel. Inquire Mrs.
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WANTED—WOMAN FOR GENERAL
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THE ORIGINAL JOHN A. MOLIER
has opened one of the famous bar-
ber colleges at 644 Clay st., San Fran-
cisco; special inducements this month;
positions granted; tuition earned
while learning. Write correct number,
644 Clay st., San Francisco.

LOST.

LOST—A SET OF FALSE TEETH
between the Parker house and Duane
street. Will the finder please leave at
the Astorian office?

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TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS TO
rent over Star theater. Inquire at
theater.

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INCUBATOR FOR SALE—400 EGGS
capacity; also three 100 capacity
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